

"After You, Sir"

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

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While sauntering idly along a thoroughfare, smoking, largely for the purpose of killing time, I was accosted by a gentlemanly, well dressed man who doffed his hat before speaking to me.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but could you spare me a little of your time?"

"For what purpose, sir?"

"That is not easy to explain on the street. If you will step inside I will show you rather than tell you."

"Inside where?"

"Right here."

He pointed to an open door, and I could see a staircase. The building seemed to be unused.

There are people who seem to have a power to make other people obey them, not by force, not always by insistence. In this case the man was so gentlemanly in his request that I did not like to refuse him. At any rate, before I realized what I was doing I had gone to the upper floor of an unoccupied building with a person who had accosted me on the street and asked me to go with him, for what purpose he had not explained. This seems to me now absurd on the face of it, and at the time I knew that I should do no such thing, but I couldn't help it.

He took me into a room on the second floor. In its center was what looked to me to be a hot air furnace, only it was neither round nor square, but oblong. He closed the door behind us, and I heard a click. I didn't like it, for it sounded as though it came from a lock that closed automatically. I was about to turn and get out of the place, but my pride held me, and I waited to be informed further as to this strange proceeding.

The gentleman led me to a corner of the room railed off apparently for an office, where there were chairs, and invited me to be seated.

"Do you see that oven?" he said. "Well, that has cost me a great deal of labor. Perhaps you think it is a crematory, but it is not. It is an oven for baking bread. A hundred loaves can be baked at once and in three minutes. That's 2,000 loaves an hour, and by working day and night three reliefs we have 28,000 loaves a day. Six working days give us 168,000 loaves a week. Fifty-two weeks produce 8,736,000 loaves a year."

"So much for what my oven will do. Now for my object. It is to feed the world. You see, my single oven is not large. Suppose there are ten of them in this building alone. That gives 87,360,000 loaves a year, only about 4,000,000 miles less than the distance of the earth from the sun."

Since I could see no relationship between loaves of bread and the earth's distance from the sun I began to feel a bit uncertain about the gentleman's upper story. So I said to him, rising:

"You'll have to excuse me, sir. It is not possible for me to remain any longer."

"But you have not examined my invention. Besides, I told you I wanted you for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Come, I will show you."

He led me to the oven. He seemed so harmless that I followed him. He threw open the door, displaying a number of iron shelves. I was somewhat relieved that there was no heat in the oven.

"My arrangement for heat is by chemical process. There are many substances that produce heat in combining chemically. Why should we burn coal? I turn this coal and my substances run together. In a short time I shall have my oven quite hot enough to do my baking."

"I wouldn't turn it on if I were you," I remarked, "since you have no bread ready for baking."

"I have something else. My desire is to bake a human being."

This was getting warm, as the children say when hunting for things in games. And, as the strange gentleman looked at me, indicating that I was

OWES HER LIFE TO

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If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

The human being he proposed to bake. I felt not only warm, but a cold perspiration stood out on me, especially when he drew a long sharp knife with which to enforce his demands. I knew I had to deal with a lunatic and kept my head.

"I shall be happy," I said, "to have you bake me. On which shelf am I to take position?"

"Step in and I will show you."

"After you," I said deferentially, bowing and raising my hat.

He stepped into the furnace. I closed the door with a bang, and the big iron latch fell into position. Then the roomswoman and I fell on the floor. But I did not remain there long. Fearful that the lunatic might smother, I ran to the door of the room, found it locked and could not open it. I tried a window, and that served a call through. In a few minutes a policeman came up the stairs, broke down the door and let the gentleman baker out. He was nearly suffocated and gave no trouble. He had employed men to build his oven without their having the slightest suspicion as to his sanity. I learned that he was a scientific man and had been an inventive genius as well. On my testimony he was committed to an asylum.

It makes me crawl when I think that by a mere act of politeness I was saved from death.

PILAKOFF AFTER GOTCH.

New Foreign Grappler Would Try Conclusions With Champion.

Pilkoff, the powerful young English giant wrestler, who came to this country to meet the winner of the Zhyco-Gotch match, has issued a challenge direct to Frank Gotch for the world's championship. Pilkoff is twenty-five years of age, stands six feet two inches in height and weighs in the best physical condition 220 pounds. He won the greatest international tournament ever held in Europe, which took place in Moscow, Russia, in which Padonbury, the Russian gladiator, won the extra heavyweight class.

Pilkoff will meet all comers, not only as a mat artist, but as a strong man, as he performs some wonderful feats of strength.

PRESIDENT MONTT'S VISIT

President Taft Meets Chili's Executive

A CALL FROM MCKINLEY

Who Assures Him There Are No Such Things as Insurgents—Secretary Norton Goes to Meet Senator Crane After Western Trip.

Beverly, Aug. 8.—The president of the United States and President Montt of Chili met at Beverly Saturday, with an exchange of formalities that were cordially informal. Occurring as it did in the quiet and secluded presence of Burgess point, where Mr. Taft's modest summer cottage is located, the meeting was robbed of much of the pomp and ceremony that would have been the case in Washington or in any other capital. The only suggestion of military ceremony came from the saluting guns of the president's yacht Mayflower, which conveyed President and Mrs. Montt and several members of their suite from Boston to Beverly.

President and Mrs. Taft entertained the Chilean chief executive and his wife at luncheon. The other guests included the secretary of state, Mr. Knox, Gov. Draper and Mrs. Draper, Miss Mabel Boardman, president of the American Red Cross, the Chilean charge d'affaires, Mr. Yocum, Brigadier-General Carter and Secretary Charles D. Norton. Secretary Knox went to Beverly to participate in the official welcome of President Montt. President Taft had placed the yacht Mayflower at the disposal of the visitors, and it sailed into Boston early Saturday morning. The president's military aide, Capt. Butt, and one of his naval aides, Lieut. Rowell of the Mayflower, escorted President and Mrs. Montt from their hotel in Boston to the yacht. The sail from Boston to Beverly was made at a leisurely pace, and it was after 12 o'clock when the Mayflower anchored in Beverly harbor. The visitors soon were landed at the president's dock and walked along the several yards of shaded walks leading to the front veranda of the Taft cottage.

While the luncheon at the Taft cottage was in progress, several members of the Chilean suite were entertained aboard the Mayflower. President and Mrs. Montt returned to Boston in the afternoon, intending to take the 6:30 train for New York, but President Taft's solicitude about the health of President Montt, who had begun to show the effect of long hours spent in traveling, caused the chief executive to change his mind. He did not leave Boston until the 1:03 train yesterday afternoon. It was learned from President Montt on his return to Boston that when President Taft had noticed his visitor's apparent fatigue he urged him to use the president's yacht Mayflower to return to New York and thus avoid the train ride. President Montt, who expressed delight at his cordial reception and the charming hospitality of his host, declined the use of the yacht, but decided to remain in Boston over night to rest. President Montt said his visit to Beverly was purely social. With his wife, the Chilean president took a brief motor ride about Boston Saturday evening. He made a trip through the park system yesterday.

Representative W. B. McKinley of Illinois, chairman of the Republican congressional campaign committee, went to Beverly Saturday afternoon, filled with optimism of the rosier possible hue, and gave President Taft an enthusiastic fore-



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cast of the coming congressional elections. When asked about the conditions in the middle West, Mr. McKinley declared that crops were in fine shape. He said this statement included Iowa and Kansas. As to insurgency, Mr. McKinley seemed rather surprised at the mention of such a thing. The congressional commission, he declared, had nothing to do with primaries, but would support every Republican candidate that supports the president. "He is the head of the party," said Mr. McKinley, "and is entitled to support."

"Will the next House be Republican?" Mr. McKinley was asked. "Why," he replied, "there is absolutely no question about it. I am just as sure of it as that I am in Beverly today."

Secretary Norton left Beverly for Boston Saturday afternoon about the time Senator Crane was reported to have gone to Boston from Dalton. Other than to say he would be gone over Sunday, Mr. Norton left no word as to his plans. It was reported that he might have met Senator Crane for a conference regarding the latter's recent trip to the West.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Its Effects as Described by Bill Nye in His Memoirs.

I have always had a horror of opiates of all kinds. They are so seductive and so soft in their operations. They steal through the blood like a wolf on the trail and they seize on the heart with their white fangs till it is still forever.

Up the Laramie there is a cluster of ranches at the base of the Medicine Bow, near the north end of Sheep Mountain. Well, a young man whom we will call Curtis lived at one of these ranches years ago, and, though a quiet, mild-mannered fellow, he had a misfortune to incur the wrath of a tramp sheepherder, who waylaid Curtis one afternoon and shot him dead as he sat in his buggy. Curtis wasn't armed.

A rancher came into town and telegraphed to Curtis' father, and then half a dozen citizens went out to help capture the herder, who had fled to the foothills.

They didn't get back till toward daybreak, but they brought the herder with them. I saw him in the gray of the morning, lying in a coarse gray blanket on the floor of the engine house. He was dead.

I asked, as a reporter, how he came to his death and they told me, "opium." The murderer had taken poison when he found that escape was impossible.

I was present at the inquest so that I could report the case. There was very little testimony, but all the evidence seemed to point to the fact that life was extinct, and a verdict of death by his own hand was rendered.

It was the first opium work I had ever seen, and it aroused my curiosity. Death by opium, it seems, leaves a dark ring around the neck. I did not know this before. People who die by opium also tie their hands together before they die. This is one of the eccentricities of opium poisoning that I have never seen laid down in the books. I besought it to medical science. Whenever I run up against a new scientific discovery I just hand it right over to the public without cost.

Ever since the above incident I have been very apprehensive about people who seem to be likely to form the opium habit. It is one of the most deadly narcotics, especially in a new country.

DAY WAS TRANQUIL

Church Demonstration in Spain Called Off

BY ITS PROMOTER.

Stringent Measures Adopted by Spanish Government to Suppress the Gathering Prevented Disorder.

San Sebastian, Aug. 8.—The government's rigorous measures and the formal renunciation by the Catholic junta of the threatened demonstration in this city insured comparative tranquillity yesterday, and a largely attended bull fight was the chief incident of the day. From daylight the streets were patrolled by cavalry, infantry and gendarmes, while heavy bodies of troops were held in readiness in the barracks at Miramar palace, where the queen mother and the royal children are in residence.

The gravest instance occurred Saturday evening, when groups of Catholics assembled, shouting "Death to Spain! Long live the pope!"

Thousands of indignant people rushed towards the manifestants, and only the personal intervention of the governor at the head of a platoon of police prevented an attack. Nearly 100 arrests were made.

Many amusing scenes were witnessed. Priests leading trudging bands of peasants took to their heels when they found the city in the possession of the military. The peasants, all their courage gone, were disarmed and easily persuaded to return to their homes. In some cases the soldiers were compelled to supply food to the poor people, who had come into the city to rail at the government.

The local authorities are convinced that the Catholic demonstration masked a Carlist plot. Catholics are extremely indignant at the government's repressive methods. Senator Urgoiti, the chief organizer of the movement, declared yesterday that the purpose of the manifestation was peaceful. There were to be no speeches and those taking part were to be unarmed. But, he said, when the government treated the matter as if it were civil war, he had called off the manifestation to prevent bloodshed.

He said that it was their intention later to take part in peaceful manifestations at Pamplona, in the province of Navarre, and at Vitoria in Alava, to prove that the anti-clerical policy of the government was opposed by the entire Spanish people.

"Even the queen mother is bitterly hostile to it," he added.

The authorities declare that the monks have taken an active part in fomenting the agitation, and it is charged that they have distributed arms among the people.

Some apprehension arose that the bull fight would cause trouble, as there were many thousands of manifestants in the city, and a large number of them proceeded to the arena, but it passed off without untoward incident. A thunderstorm at the end of the fight drove the spectators homeward and cleared the streets.

As a matter of fact, thousands were drawn to the city through curiosity and for the purpose of attending the bull fight, rather than with any intention of taking part in demonstrations. There were a few street brawls and seditious cries, and the arrests which sometimes followed were among the most exciting incidents. Absolute order prevailed last evening.

Official advices indicate that all is quiet throughout the Basque provinces. All except a few of those arrested will be liberated to-day.

VATICAN OPTIMISTIC.

Holy See Hopes to Effect Peaceful Settlement.

Rome, Aug. 8.—The feeling at the Vatican yesterday was optimistic. Hope is entertained that an understanding with the Spanish government will soon be reached. It is pointed out by the Vatican that Premier Canalejas must be grateful to the papacy for restraining its followers from disorders, which might have led to civil war.

The Vatican and Cardinal Merry del Val personally instructed the bishops and prominent personages throughout Spain to prevent demonstrations and disorders, it being desired to demonstrate that the Holy See is anxious to maintain peaceful relations in the affairs of the peninsula.

WILL EXPOSE CONSPIRACY.

Premier Canalejas Says He Will Connect Vatican with Dark Plots.

Madrid, Aug. 8.—Premier Canalejas announced his intention to expose before Parliament the conspiracy against the government in the north of Spain. The general impression here is that the government has won a signal victory in preventing a demonstration at San Sebastian, which was sure to have caused bloodshed. The Liberal and Republican newspapers urge the premier to follow up his advantage vigorously. The Universal, a Catholic organ, declares that

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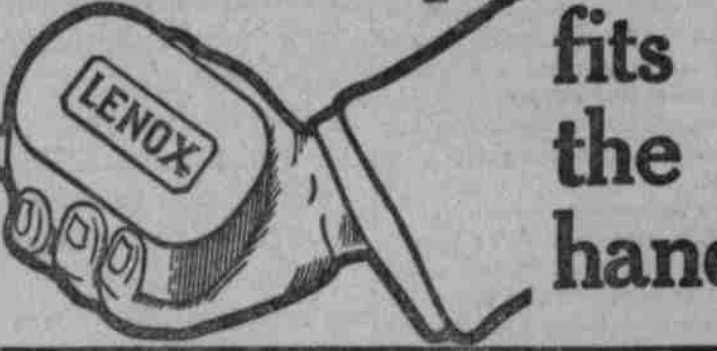
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the course of the government betrays fear.

Dispatches from Ceuta state that a priest scandalized his congregation by pronouncing an anathema against the government, Generals Muranda and Zuvia and other officers walking out of the edifice.

According to The Liberal, the government has learned that the Vatican is awaiting the result at San Sebastian before deciding upon the recall of Mgr. Vico, the papal nuncio at Madrid.

A MODERN SCALPER.

The Little Comedy That Was Played Between the Acts.

A little comedy between acts enlivened things at a Broadway theater one night last week. A middle aged man accompanied by his wife sat directly behind a pretty young girl and her escort. At the end of the first act the middle aged man went out for "fresh air." He came back bringing the smell of the fresh air and gayer spirits with him. His wife gave him a startled glance, and like a flash her hand went up to his vest. There dangling from the top button was a bunch of brown, curly puffs. There was a dynamical second as the wife held the puffs in her white gloved hand and looked at them. Now she was not a jealous wife—just a common sense little woman, ready to meet an emergency. She looked at the heads about her. The pretty girl's back hair looked as if a piece had fallen out. The wife leaned over to the side away from the girl's escort and whispered. The girl slipped a hand down and back, and the wife stealthily laid the bunch of puffs which her husband had carried away on his vest button in the owner's hand. The latter kept them concealed, gently and artfully reached up, plucked them into place, and escort watching the rising curtain, was none the wiser. —New York Times.

Conquered the Orchestra.

In his early days Herr Arthur Nikisch, the famous conductor, was appointed to conduct a performance of "Tannhauser" at the Leipzig opera. He was but a young chorus master at the time, and the orchestra absolutely refused to play under so youthful a conductor. They were only induced to do so when a director said that if they were of the same mind after the overture had been played they could then and there hand in their resignations. The overture was a veritable triumph for Nikisch, and with profuse apologies the orchestra offered him their congratulations. —London Tit-Bits.

The Guarantee.

Gobsa Golde, the American millionaire, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lotta, picked out a Rembrandt at a foreign dealer's and then, before plunking down the cash, said very sternly:

"Now, see here, sir, do you guarantee this Rembrandt?"

"Yes, Mr. Golde," the dealer replied. "A seven years' guarantee goes with the canvas."

"Oh, very well," said Gobsa, mollified, and he took out his check book and fountain pen. —Washington Star.

HE WON THE CROWN.

The Ancient Story of the "Bloody Hand of Ulster."

The emblem of the Ulster steamship line is a huge red hand, from the wrist of which is flowing drops of blood. An official of one of the vessels of the line gave this explanation of the queer device:

"It was in the early days of Ireland, when James I. was king and when Ireland was divided into four provinces, that the king of Ulster died. He had two sons, who were devoted to each other and who at the time of their father's death were on the Isle of Antrim, Scotland. In those days the oldest son did not always succeed the father on the throne."

"They were brave lads, these two sons of the old king, and upon learning of the death of their father each planned to race across the channel and be the first to place his hand upon the soil of Antrim and thus become king of all the north."

"With eight men each they started off from Mullinarty. On nearing the shores of the Isles the youngest prince, whose name was Neil, seeing that his brother was in a fair way to become king, drew his sword, placed his left hand on the side of the boat and cut it off at the wrist."

"Quickly seizing the dripping hand, he threw it on shore and thus won the crown. Since that time, it is told, the bloody hand of Ulster has led to victory in many a hard fought field as emblem on the shields of the young king and his followers. Ulster's name, whether in trade or war or sport or on a steamship line, is known by this sign. —Philadelphia North American.

PROVED HIS WORDS.

Still, the Philosopher Didn't Like It When Death Called.

A certain philosopher was in the habit of saying whenever he heard that an old friend had passed away: "Ah, well, death comes to us all. It is no new thing. It is what we must expect. Pass me the butter, my dear. Yes, death comes to all, and my friend's time had come."

Now, Death overheard these philosophical remarks at different times, and one day he showed himself to the philosopher.

"I am Death," said he simply. "Go away!" said the man in a panic. "I am not ready for you."

"Yes, but it is one of your favorite truisms that Death comes to all, and I am not proving your words."

"Go away! You are dreadful!" "No more dreadful than I always am. But why have you changed so? You have never feared the death that has come to your friends. I never heard you sigh when I carried off your old companions. You have always said, 'It is the way of all flesh.' Shall I make an exception in favor of your flesh?"

"Yes, for I am not ready."

"But I am. Your time has come. Do not repine. Your friends will go on buttering their toast. They will take it as philosophically as you have taken every other death."

And the philosopher and Death departed on a long journey together. —Charles Battell Loomis.

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